MiPOesias



Lina ramona Vitkauskas is the author of THE RANGE OF YOUR AMAZING NOTHING (Ravenna Press, 2007), Failed Star Spawns Planet/Star (dancing girl press, 2006), and Shooting Dead Films with Poets (Fractal Edge Press, 2004). She has written the preface for A Step Inside, (Foothills Publishing, 2006), by French poet and experimental fiction writer, Denis Emorine. She will be published in the anthology, The City Visible: Chicago Poetry for the New Century (Cracked Slab Books, 2007). Her web site is at www.linaramona.com.

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Please describe your favorite poem or kind of poetry.

I enjoy found poems, surreal poems, and some language poems. So many things I see/read daily strike me poetically. Encounters with “signs” or “symbols” ignite the compulsion to fuse them together with words.

Some books/poets that inspire me: Suites (Lorca), and Lost Lunar Baedecker (Loy), A Purchase in the White Botanica (Heliczer), and Earthlight (Breton).

If you could spend a day with a living poet you admire, what would you do together? What might a passerby overhear?

Jeni Olin and I might partake in a game of Stratego over wine and Vienna sausages during which an alternating poem would be written borrowing lines from John Ashbery’s Self-Portait In A Convex Mirror.

Which relationship is more important: a) poetry and politics or b) poetry and philosophy? Why?

Poetry and philosophy. No philosophy=no politics.

If you were able to place poetry in the world where it does not seem prominent, how would it behave there?

One could argue that poetry is everywhere and consistently misbehaves.

Where will we see you and your work in five years?

In Mexico shooting an apple off of someone’s head.

The work will continue its random path, much like the bullet from a marksman who cannot aim.

Tell us a story: what drew you to poetry in the first place? Why did you start writing?

I discovered poetry early on, most likely the day I realized my own mortality, at age 6. I saw a shrew die before me on my patio while I was playing with a tiny plastic wheelbarrow and a green Krazy Straw.

I knew nothing of poetry, but it was there, organically born of sound.

Lithuanian was my native language until I began formal elementary school. Sanskrit sounds (Lithuanian being the closest living Indo-European language to Sanskrit) co-existed with Germanic/Latin/Anglo sounds (English) and the combined sounds/languages revealed their malleable nature. Learning the language was not the only process. Amalgamating them was a new experiment to be used and developed later.

Later, during my Master's study, I took a sociolingustics class in which we studied Russian theorists Bhaktin and Vygotsky. Bahktin discussed the notion of heteroglossia, or the coexisting hierarchy of language within your mind. By that time, I had taken 6 years of Spanish as well, so, then, the nature of language truly blossomed—random combinations/far-fetched juxtapositions seemed to cull sense from what would seem to be their natural oppositions.

Bird Into Building
(With Excerpts From Ashbery's *The Picture Of Little J.A. In A Prospect Of Flowers*)

Certain photos of macadamias
manifest their beet-like
appearance. A laminated
dollhouse where she lives
dilates them, *the couple*
of the year. This is the udder
wife meat, a bitter tonic,
a doily that God glassed
against them, the blonde
blank cheek. And *Dick gives*
Genevieve a swift punch.

She is certain to have recalled
winter's nunnery, *her tongue*
from previous ecstasy
releases thoughts like little hats,
all of her sick hero moments,
her languages encased
in an enclave of economics.
In a far recess of summer,
monks are playing soccer
with that severed vein

in her neck, the core of it
wet, green fungus, like
the honor of America's disasters.
"Get up, and get out", breast you
tape her love history to your smock.
Your robe tears like a Pollock
and she a cloisonné memory
as a dirty handmaiden
to some transparent witch.

This Triple World

1.
my mirage,
not ready
to be red
your voice
a seed or
land mine.
in a muzzle
of girls, I am
your tutor,
an X-ray,
the canary.
Gentleman,
hand me
your wrists,
watch.

2.
I pour you the Rhine,
you Suisse my throat.
Resuscitate the
afternoon. We had
this habeas form,
these mechanics
under my hood.

3.
Maya, the dream.
I and you walk
and a few hairs
like Mrabet invites
this sand, this
passionflower
dissection. In
a crabshell you
despond and I
vest my biology
upon it. There,
only three worlds
for my home.

Awards in a Dream Science Garage

I am just fists of tin
jonquils and you
in your carping sleep,
love, I invite you in
from monoxide panels
of rakes and ratchets.
I covet your somewhat
southern mouth, a drain
against the rot of doubt.
The double blind exhaust
against me the pistol
of your last words.
Again this ritual.
Again we move
as the compliant ellipsis . . .
the strangers. We make
tender dove on the glass.

I Am Dressing the Pistol

Praline at her bedside,
drenched with her own white
fingers, undoing the arsenic
windows. White Bone Lake
returns like a pistol I dress
in red scarves of silk molasses.
Salve of cream to the walls,
the border of my incineration
burns an illiterate line, spilling
Wichita seeds onto the eyelet
pillowcase in secret. Nude stones
thrown against the tetanus of
a chambermaid's dream. My
ingratiated pistol in the sand
trigger cocked into the
drowning girl below the grain.

On The Wing of the Monte Carlo,

the same man made a fist of cilantro.

It's the way the elements sleep—
cracking parallelograms
on the linear beach blanket,

bending participles. We can't ignore it.
We've read up to the part
where two finger mandolins
pose ass-crack white
as a heart attack in Des Moines.

The fanatics part the Earth
like scissors retching an index.
There is a theatre somewhere
in Escobar, writing shards
from Shangri-La, taking
the next mirage to
Los Angeles.

This is a jar like a lottery.
Like my first Dramamine pie.

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